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BINDING LIST APR 2 1928





Printed by John Johnson at the Clarendon Press Oxford England 1927

And sold by
Humphrey Milford
Publisher to the University
of Oxford

THISTARY

William Collins Ode occasion'd by the Death of Mr. Thomson 1749

Five hundred and fifty copies have been printed of which five hundred are for sale

O D E

Occasion'd by the DEATH of

Mr. THOMSON.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

Hæc tibi semper erunt, & cum solennia Vota Reddemus Nymphis, & cum lustrabimus Agros.

— — Amavit nos quoque Daphnis. Virg. Bucol. Eclog. v.

LONDON:

Printed for R. Manby and H. S. Cox, on Ludgate-Hill. MDCCXLIX.

[Price Six-pence.]

Facsimile
Printed from type at the Clarendon Press
1927

ТО

GEORGE LYTTLETON, Efq;

T H I S

O D E

IS INSCRIB'D BY

The AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HE Scene of the following S T A N Z A s is supposed to lie on the *Thames* near *Richmond*.

O D E

ON THE

DEATH of Mr. THOMSON.

I.

I N yonder Grave a DRUID lies
Where flowly winds the stealing Wave!
The Year's best Sweets shall duteous rife
To deck it's POET's sylvan Grave!

II.

In you deep Bed of whifp'ring Reeds

His airy Harp* shall now be laid,

That He, whose Heart in Sorrow bleeds

May love thro' Life the soothing Shade.

B

III. Then

^{*} The Harp of Æolus, of which see a Description in the Castle of Indolence.

Ш.

Then Maids and Youths shall linger here,
And while it's Sounds at distance swell,
Shall fadly feem in Pity's Ear
To hear the WOODLAND PILGRIM'S Knell.

IV.

REMEMBRANCE oft shall haunt the Shore
When Thames in Summer-wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing Oar
To bid his gentle Spirit rest!

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire

To breezy Lawn, or Forest deep,

The Friend shall view you whit'ning Spire*,

And 'mid the varied Landschape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own's that Earthy Bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry Dirge avail?
Or Tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding Sail!

* Richmond-Church.

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless Eye
Shall scorn thy pale Shrine glimm'ring near?
With Him, Sweet Bard, may FANCY die,
And Joy desert the blooming Year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn STREAM, whose fullen Tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now wast me from the green Hill's Side
Whose cold Turf hides the buried FRIEND!

IX.

And see, the Fairy Valleys fade,

Dun Night has veil'd the solemn View!

—Yet once again, Dear parted Shade

Meek Nature's Child again adieu!

X.

The genial Meads affign'd to blefs
Thy Life, shall mourn thy early Doom,
Their Hinds, and Shepherd-Girls shall drefs
With simple Hands thy rural Tomb.

XI. Long,

XI.

Long, long, thy Stone and pointed Clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's Eyes,
O! Vales, and Wild Woods, shall He say
In yonder Grave Your Druid lies!

FINIS.

This reprint is from Mr. T. J. Wise's copy of the rare original. I have not been able to ascertain the precise margins.















PR 3352 039 1749a Collins, William
Ode occasion'd by the death
of Mr. Thomson.

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